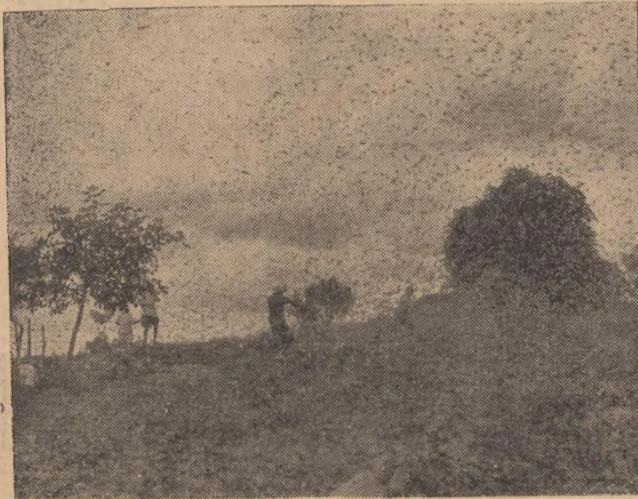


Good 297 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Locust War now raging

(From Ron Garth)

THE British Government have launched a new campaign which is considered so important that soldier-scientists have been taken out of uniform and transferred to it.

In South Africa, Rhodesia and Transjordan they are fighting a pest which has waged war on civilisation for centuries—and now a new, more exciting stage has been reached in the battle of the locusts.

Though twenty-five nations have sworn to fight the locust to the death, this grasshopper goes on costing the world millions of pounds a year in damage and food.

When the last big locust battle was fought in South Africa, 300,000 square miles of territory were desolated.

Gangs of men, working day and night, killed thousands of locusts, but thousands more took their place.

During an outbreak in Transjordan, an army of 75,000 men killed 1,500 tons of insects and collected 200 tons of eggs, but scarcely stemmed the locust tide.

One weapon after another has been flung into man's defences. In a Palestine plague, when twenty breeding places were discovered, batteries of flame-throwers mounted on lorries were brought into action.

THE MARCHING ARMIES.

The younger locusts cannot fly. They march over the country, eating their way through wheat, sugar canes, tea, maize, and other crops.

Even rivers do not stop them, for the hoppers use the drowned bodies of the advance guard as a bridge. Smooth sheet-iron barriers stretching for hundreds of miles have been tried.

Piling up against them by the million, however, locusts sometimes overthrow them by sheer weight and pressure, and aeroplanes have to be used to spray the swarms.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

with flame or poison gas to ensure that these defences are successful.

In a bad year in Africa, 30,000 tons of the Cape sugar crop alone has been locust-devoured, and it is not unusual for the Department of Agricultural Defence to account for 50,000 tons of locusts.

Yet these scarcely touch the fringe of the swarms. Locust poisons used by farmers have proved inefficient or of danger to domestic animals.

Now, however, locusts have been tracked down to their lair.

Meteorological stations were set up in Africa a year or two ago to report on the movement of the swarms.

Two principal swarming zones have been discovered in the locust-darkened continent, and the simple remedy of poison bran, which locusts eat more readily than vegetation, may save millions of pounds' worth of food.

THE growth in popularity of amateur boxing has been as steady and consistent as any well-wisher of the amateur side of the game could desire.

Ever since the Amateur Boxing Association was founded in 1880 it has never ceased to expand, and from small beginnings it has grown to be a national institution, which is a model for all sports governing bodies.

Very few of the original founder members are alive to-day, but the good work they started has been carried on with marked success.

It was never intended to be a money-making concern, which, perhaps, is the reason why it has not only survived, but has gone on to its present high place in the sport of the people.

The A.B.A.'s definition of an amateur is simple. It is: "An amateur is one who has never competed for a money prize, staked bet, or declared wager; who has not competed with or against a professional for any prize (except with the express sanction of the Amateur Boxing Association), and who has never taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises as a means of obtaining a livelihood or pecuniary gain."

That is clear enough in all conscience, and I must say that in my experience amateur boxing has fewer "shamateurs" than any other popular sport. In fact, you might almost be sure that there are none.

The reason is that if a fellow wishes to box and make money by his skill, then it is much easier to do so by boxing as a professional.

I can recall only one instance in forty years of a professional slipping into the amateur ranks

to box for a championship, but this delinquency was discovered very quickly afterwards.

TANCY LEE.

It was in 1910 when Scotland sent a team to compete in the A.B.A. Championship. In the bantam-weight class was a Scot named Lee, who almost walked away with the championship.

Subsequent enquiries revealed that this man had previously boxed as a professional. He was therefore disqualified, and his name was erased from the amateur championship roll. That is the only known instance.

After this he reverted to his former profession, and became famous as Tancy Lee, probably the best boxer Scotland has ever produced.

There is more of the so-called "shamateurism" in first-class lawn tennis than in any other game I know, and first-class cricket runs it a close second. It is sheer humbug to pretend that it does not exist. No doubt the time will come when it will all be swept away, but the time, apparently, is not yet.

Far from there being any stigma attaching to the professional in sport, my idea is that he is the more honourable; and it is certainly more honest to make no bones about the money side of the game than to pose

as an amateur and to make more money in expenses and various other forms of rake-off. You do not find this sort of thing in amateur boxing. True, you certainly do find two kinds of amateur.

One is the pot-hunter, and

1,000,000 Amateurs ready for Ring

30 MARCH 1944

A.B.A. AWAITING ITS BIGGEST BOOM

"No Shamateurs here"
Says W. H. Millier

the other is the man who SURGEONS CALLING.

For the bloodiest battles does not care two hoots about trophies, but just enjoys winning for the pleasure it gives him. Nevertheless, both are amateurs.

After all, many of these amateur tournaments produce a profit on the workings of the clubs, and there is no reason why the boxers should not get valuable trophies. If a competition winner prefers to take,

let us say, a canteen of cutlery, instead of a purely ornamental silver cup, why on earth should he not have the cutlery? This means quite a lot in the clubs that are made up of working lads.

There is the world-famous Belsize Boxing Club, which most of the public school and university boxers join. This club is unique in having no trophies for competition after a man has won his first novice's competition. This is the Belsize tankard.

It is presented to the winner of the novices' competition and is much sought after. This is not to say that Belsize boxers are not glad to box for cups in open competitions.

They do compete, and, of course, take part in the championships whenever their men appear up to championship form, but they are not pot-hunters.

This reminds me of a rather unusual predicament in which one of the clubs placed itself. This club had a particularly good heavy-weight among its members, and as he was thinking of getting married, he specified what we might term utility articles to be given him as prizes.

With each successive prize-taking he was collecting quite a goodly proportion of his home.

HIS SIDE WAS BORED.

When his club staged an open competition, which it was taken for granted he would win, the officials bought a very large sideboard and put this up as the prize for the heavy-weights. To their consternation, the home man was beaten, and, what was more embarrassing, he was beaten by a member of the Belsize Club.

When shown the prize, this worthy boxer promptly said, "I don't want that damned thing." And it was altogether too large to do what he told them to do with the sideboard.

They were all bright boys in the Belsize Club, and as sons almost invariably followed fathers directly they were of membership age, there has, for many years, been a long waiting-list. It is generally agreed that in no part of the world could you fail to find an old "Belsizer," certainly not in the Dominions or Colonies.

The Belsize Boxing Club is actually older than the Amateur Boxing Association, and until they had to leave, owing to rebuilding, some years ago, they had never changed their quarters.

The club for fifty years was housed at the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, where if you entered the bar you could not fail to observe the notice in the form of a direction sign which read: GENTLEMEN (right), BELSIZE BOXING CLUB (left).

They used to sell good beer at the Eyre Arms, and this, you will realise, meant that it was a great wrench when the club had to find fresh quarters. The practice nights, competition nights, and the high-spots of smoking-concert nights, were all hilarious affairs.

You would look in vain for any incipient sign of the bedside manner in these budding medics once they faced each other in the ring with boxing gloves.

The fury of the attack made you wonder whether it was all part of the procedure to provide work for the surgery, but it was exceedingly enjoyable to the onlooker.

Inter-Services boxing is usually good and lacks nothing in keenness. In the old days the professional ring gained many recruits from the Services, and a considerable number of national champions of the past had been either Navy or Army boxers. After the last war the Army authorities compelled all soldier boxers to compete as amateurs.

I never could see the reason for this. It should have been left for the men to choose whether they wished to box as amateurs or professionals.

I recall discussing this point with Admiral Mark Kerr, whose death was recently announced. He was a great boxing enthusiast, and was generally to be seen at the ringside at all the big fixtures.

COMING BOOM.

His idea was that there was no earthly reason why a Service man should not be allowed to box as a professional if he wished to do so; he gained more experience that way and had more inducement to strive to get to the top of the tree.

I have attended many of the Services' championships meetings, and I have no hesitation in giving it as my opinion that the standard of skill was much higher when there was no question of amateur or professional status involved.

The worst part about Army boxing is the judging. That leaves much to be desired.

The Amateur Boxing Association is indeed a live body, and it is good to note that at the last annual general meeting much of the time was devoted to post-war planning.

The officials were unprepared for the great wave of enthusiasm for amateur boxing that swept the country at the end of the last war, and they do not intend to be caught napping this time.

It is expected that no fewer than a million youngsters from the various boys' organisations will take up competitive amateur boxing when peace returns, and this does not take into account the many boxers returning from the Services.

Amateur boxing is in for the biggest boom ever known, and it seems that the chief difficulty will be in finding the halls large enough, and in sufficient numbers, to seat all the spectators who will wish to attend.

SAYS OSCAR!

In married life three is company and two none.

Oscar Wilde.

One should never trust a woman who tells one her real age. A woman who would tell one that would tell one anything.

Oscar Wilde.



"Old Mincer" still going

W.T. Cyril Garbull

CALLING twenty-one-year-old W.T. Cyril Garbull, of 101 Ascot Road, Newton Heath, Manchester.

Do you remember Bob Logan, your old "partner in crime" at school? Well, he has left you in the lurch and is now a married man. He and his bride were married at the Wesleyan Chapel, Wellington Street, Gorton, Manchester, on the 21st of February.

Another of your pals, Jimmy Costly, has been asking after you, and is up at your home quite a lot nowadays, keeping your two sisters supplied with the latest gramophone records.

The old "mincing machine," as you call the prehistoric-looking gramophone, is still mincing, although it is a little bit doubtful whether it will continue to when your Pa goes home. While we were at No. 101, your sister, Helen, played us some really "hot" records, including your favourite, "Big Noise from Winnetka." We agree with you, Cyril, it is good.

You were badly needed at home the day that we called, to

skin a rabbit, and I think that Helen more than anyone else else wished that you were there, because the job fell to her in the pink—and everything is shipshape at home.



Good Hunting!

By-the-by, your mother was telling us the story about the wedding you went to on your last leave, and she asked us to ask you if you are still out-of-pocket, and to remind you that there will be another wedding for you on your next leave—your big sister, Stella's.

We didn't see Stella when we called, as she had gone to the pictures, but your mother showed us some snaps, and we decided that she is like you. How are you taking that—as a compliment?

Just about this time Helen spotted a letter from that boy-friend of hers, so our photographer and myself took the hint and departed.



"H'm! Lack of co-ordination, huh!"

WANGLING WORDS

252

1.—Put part of a leg into LAGS, and make lots.

2.—Rearrange the letters of A CALM HOLY REST, and make a Victorian author (two names).

3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LION into CAGE, BOAR into PIGS, LANCS into YORKS, BOOK into PAGE.

4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from MASTERPIECE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 251

1.—CheapER.

2.—PADEREWSKI.

3.—CALM, PALM, PALS, PATS, BATS, BETS, SETS, SEAS.

FERN, TERN, TERM, TEEM, TEAM, BEAM, BEAN, LEAN, LEAF.

BECK BEAK, LEAK, LEAN, BEAN, BEEN, BEET, BELT, BELL, CELL, CALL.

BUNG, BANG, BANE, BALE, DALE, DOLE, HOLE.

4.—Dale, Lead, Deal, Pale, Peal, Paid, Diet, Tide, Tied, Edit, Date, Pile, Pate, Tape, Laid, Dial, Late, Tale, Tail, Pail, Peat, Leap, etc.

Plaid, Dated, Paled, Plate, Petal, Plead, Pleat, Plait, Dealt, Leapt, Piled, etc.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Sir Henry Taylor
(1800-1886).

It is the end that crowns us, not the fight.
Robert Herrick
(1591-1674).

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Officer's star. 4 Boxed.

9 Spring up.

11 Boy or girl's name.

12 Sailing vessel.

13 Birds.

14 Saw projection.

16 Cask.

17 Retire.

19 Sussex town.

21 Singers.

22 Collection.

25 Firmament.

26 Deed.

28 Front of ship.

30 Make indistinct.

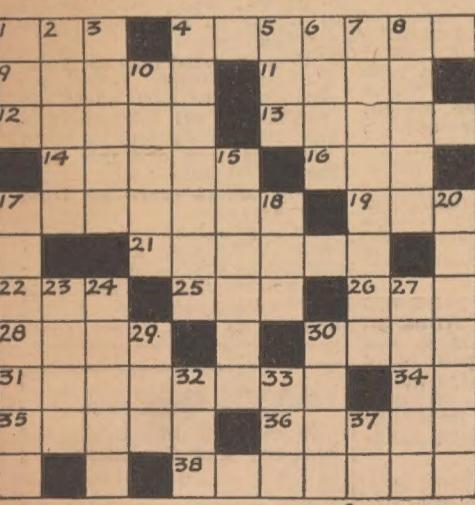
31 Complete.

34 Scholar.

35 Prompt.

36 Senior member.

38 Remonstrance.



CLUES DOWN.
1 Wages, 2 Angry, 3 Lace edge, 4 Seats, 5 As well as, 6 Bird, 7 Transposition, 8 Dirge, 10 Deficient, 15 Crave, 17 Breath, 18 Rattle, 20 One who goes in, 23 Golden eagle, 24 Complete, 27 Six-sided figures, 29 Espouse, 30 Dry, 32 College servant, 33 Bother, 37 Old pronoun.

SHE WAS A DARING UNCERTAIN VIRGIN

HAVE you ever watched what happens to a toy ship when somebody pulls out the bath plug? The same thing occurs on a much larger scale in some of the higher tributaries of the Amazon. You are steaming along with plenty of depth under your keel, when suddenly the water sinks swiftly, and your ship squats immovable on the river-bed mud. There you have to sit until a rainstorm high up in the Andes sends the river level up more quickly than it dropped. It is impossible to forecast this fall and rise, neither sky nor weather showing the slightest change.

One day, when the "Miraflores" was stuck in the mud near an Indian village, her Italian captain, Baretta, had a sudden inspiration. He decided to buy a cholita, or Indian girl, as a present for his wife. He had two young children down in Iquitos, and for years Signora Baretta had been sacking one nursemaid after another for getting into trouble with native police—not by breaking the law, you understand, but on the lines of Guardsmen and Hyde Park. Uniforms act that way all the world over.

It struck Captain Baretta that a young aboriginal wench, being unable to speak Spanish, would be fairly safe from the advances of bold vigilantes twirling their moustachios. Such a child of Nature was certain to be meek and dependable. Tucking a bottle of booze into his pocket, the captain went ashore to interview the chief of the village.

The chief did not know what a nursemaid might be, and cared less. He drank from the bottle, nodded solemnly to the captain's explanations as relayed by an interpreter, and finally paraded all the unmarried women of the village.

Baretta selected a demure, round-faced girl of about seventeen, with a light copper complexion, and inquired about her morals, wishing to know if she were a virgin. Neither the chief nor the young lady seemed very certain on this point, but both insisted strongly that she could work.

After some hours' bargaining the deal was concluded, Baretta handing over twenty-five pounds in Peruvian money. Highly delighted with this large tribute to her attractions, the girl left her village, grinning from ear to ear. Baretta swore she never looked back once. She was allotted a small cabin, given some soap and extra clothes, and told to behave herself.

Then the spate came down the river, and the "Miraflores" got under way again. Captain Baretta was in great form at supper, planning to corner the nursemaid market with unspoiled Indians straight from the woods.

But nothing stirs up the devil in a woman like life on board ship, whether a Western Ocean boat with picture

back and bound his extended arms to it. Then he squatted him down, passed a second rifle through the crooks behind his knees, and lashed the two rifles firmly together. The man was then trussed up like a chicken ready for the oven. Two or three times I thought the men would mutiny, but they knew Baretta was the wrong man to play tricks with.

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life Story of a Roving Adventurer

PART VIII

palaces and swimming baths or a flea-ridden nigger schooner loafing round the Caribbean. They are in strange surroundings, with nothing to do. Everything, down to washing clothes and cooking, is done by men, quietly and quickly. I suppose they would feel the same if they could get into a monastery. Naturally, then, the women get up to mischief to make people take notice of them and be avenged for being left out of things. But sailors resemble monks more by accident than instinct.

So I was not surprised when the captain's new nursemaid began to hold a nightly court in her little cabin. At such times—and they usually occurred after midnight—she showed the greatest consideration for sleeping members of the crew, never raising her voice above a whisper. She was economical, too, seldom wasting the ship's paraffin by lighting the brass lamp on the bulkhead. And she acquired a nice stock of presents, which she hid under her mattress. Then Captain Baretta got wind of her goings-on.

He assembled the sailors and firemen and demanded the names of the culprits. As one man, they waved their hands, rolled their eyes, and expressed themselves horrified at the captain's evil mind. An Indian! An aboriginal! The next thing to a howling monkey! Nonsense! Were they not Peruvian gentlemen in whose veins ran some of the blood of old Spain? If anything, they were more hurt than angry!

Captain Baretta stroked his moustache, listened to them politely, then went to the arms locker and brought out all the rifles. First he placed a rifle across the small of each man's

When they were all tied up into bundles he left them lying on the deck in the full heat of the sun, and in ten minutes they were sweating, groaning and gasping as if they were in a real oven. After a while they felt quite loquacious and told the captain everything. The bad hats were kicked out of the "Miraflores," but not before their furious shipmates had knocked seven bells out of them. Besides being painful, the captain's treatment had made them look ridiculous, and the Latin American values his dignity.

The girl herself was taken ashore and handed over to a trader, Baretta getting another one in exchange, together with some money to make up the

balance of his twenty-five pounds outlay. To keep within the law, the trader paid the first girl wages, but she was to get nothing until the amount paid to the captain had been worked off. Probably she is still paying that debt. The new Indian was berthed in the same cabin as her predecessor, but the crew took little notice of her.

After that I joined the steamer "Liberal," belonging to the Peruvian Amazon Rubber Company, which in 1909 led to a shore job at the firm's headquarters on the Igaraparana river. The place was named La Chorrera, after the waterfall at the head of the lagoon on which it stood.

(To be continued)

IS Newcombe
Short odd—But true

The King's Speech, delivered in person by His Majesty on the opening or closing of Parliament, is prepared by the Prime Minister or other responsible Ministers in consultation with the King.

The Kremlin, where the Russian Government has its headquarters, is a large fortified citadel in Moscow, containing the cathedral where the Czars were crowned, an imperial palace, and important garrisons and arsenals.

Lacs-d'Amour was a cord of running knots worn on the arm at one time by widows and unmarried women to denote their condition.

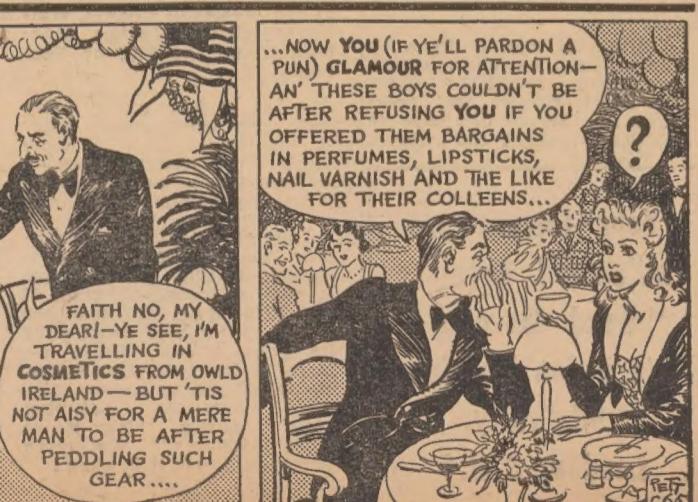
MEDITERRANEAN PORTS

Guess the name of this Mediterranean Port from the following clues to its letters:

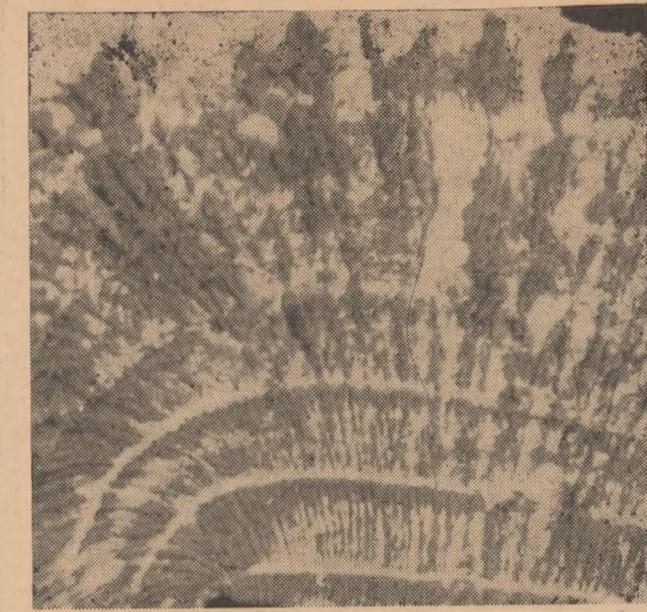
- With what country do you associate the name of Lord Clive?
- Which foreign queen paid a visit to King Solomon?
- On what instrument does Dame Myra Hess perform?
- Is Evelyn a boy's or a girl's name?
- Complete the phrases: (a) Limb of the —, (b) Make bricks —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 296

- Card game.
- (a) J. B. Priestley, (b) Shakespeare.
- Mrs. Gibson is not a real character; others are.
- Skittles.
- Left.
- Gilbert and Sullivan operas.
- Horse-radish, Hemstitch.
- Isle of Man.
- Yorkshire.
- The right side.
- Six.
- (a) Vinci, (b) Polo.



TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?



WHAT IS IT?



WHAT IS IT?



WHAT IS IT?



WHAT IS IT?



WHAT IS IT?



WHAT IS IT?



WHAT IS IT?



WHAT IS IT?



WHAT IS IT?



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WHAT IS IT?

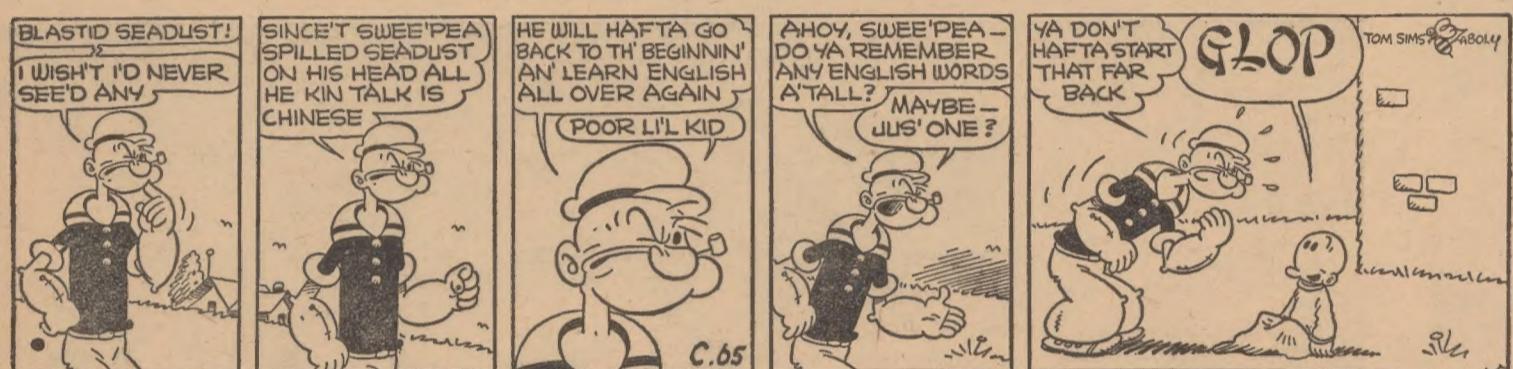
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

OUR REAL TROUBLE.

WE know that dirt and disease and under-nourishment are indeed bad things, but we know that they are not the real root of the trouble; beneath them there lies the poison of greed, callousness, irresponsibility, which is the cause of most of them, and which has got to be eradicated before we can have any guarantee that our fine new order will ever come into being, or will last very long if it does. That old familiar, cynical remark, "You can't change human nature," is a detestable lie; but at least it shows that men know very well what is the thing that needs to be changed.

Canon F. A. Cockin.

WHY EDUCATION?

EVERY reader of modern autobiography must be struck by the fact that numbers of their writers—eminent or otherwise—have spoken of their education as a useless waste of time. The Prime Minister himself, whom supporters of the present system would like to regard as owing much of his eminence to it, has remarked in one of his autobiographical books on the time he wasted at school over subjects that were of no interest or use to him.

Harold E. Gorst.

MARRIAGE.

TO suggest that because a couple love each other they will naturally make a success of the physical side of marriage is as ridiculous as to suggest that marriages are made in heaven and will therefore prove satisfactory, or that they have usually proved satisfactory in the past and should therefore do so in the future. Whilst it is true that many marriages did prove satisfactory in the past, there is no doubt that many more went wrong quite unnecessarily simply through ignorance, fear, misunderstanding, or a combination of all three. In almost every case of marriage disharmony one finds that there is maladjustment in the sexual sphere, both physically and psychologically, and that much of this disharmony could have been prevented had the couple had adequate marriage preparation.

Edward F. Griffith.

WAR-TIME MEMORIES.

TO most of us it will not be in the presence of danger, nor yet the constant anxiety regarding those at the front, which will remain in our memories as the more persistent tribulations of five years of war. Nor shall we recall in later years the denial for so long a period of the accustomed pleasures of life. But the inconveniences which are imposed will remain with us for ever, and it will be difficult to convey to those who never experienced them how serious was the strain upon our temper of these constant, these unceasing, these accumulated tribulations.

Harold Nicolson.

SEEING AND BELIEVING.

DISTANCE in space and time degrades intensity of awareness. So does magnitude. Seventeen is a figure which I know intimately like a friend; fifty billions is just a sound. A dog run over by a car upsets our emotional balance and digestion; three million Jews killed in Poland cause but a moderate uneasiness. . . . We can only focus on little lumps of reality. People go to cinemas, they see films of Nazi tortures, of mass shootings, of underground conspiracy and self-sacrifice. They sigh, they shake their heads, some have a good cry. But they do not connect it with the realities of their normal plane of existence.

Arthur Koestler.

U.K. DELUSION ABOUT U.S.A.

THERE is a popular delusion on this side of the Atlantic that the citizens of the United States are predominantly "English" and therefore may be expected to think and feel much as we do. Nothing is farther from the truth. In 1920 the descendants of immigrants from Great Britain and Northern Ireland made up only 41 per cent. of the white population of the United States. Next in number came those of German or Southern Irish descent, both people who might be expected to be traditionally anti-British.

Maurice Ashley.

"NO MORE WANT" MEANS

TO achieve freedom from want, world agricultural production would have to be just about doubled. Production of cereals would have to go up 50 per cent., of meat 90 per cent., of milk and other dairy products 125 per cent., and of fruit and vegetables 300 per cent. There is not, of course, the slightest ground for believing that these great increases of production would be beyond the world's known resources, if these could be harnessed to the job. But how to mobilise the psychological forces, the general will-power, required to set the natural and physical forces in motion? No formula can give the solution.

Oscar Hobson.

Good Morning

★
USING
THEIR
HEADS !



"With a tall guy like that, and a fist-out like that, how the heck can anyone hope to score a goal ? "



"He's always admiring the curls on the other girls, and takes it for granted they're genuine. Don't see why I shouldn't cash-in on this new fashion ! "

"Fine feathers make fine birds,' he's always a-sayin', so here's ma chance to get a lucky break for masel'."



BEAUTY ADORNED

"Even the lovely kitten seems awestruck by the beauty of its surroundings."



This England



Beauty with dignity. Great Dane "Bogardus Wendy" awaits the judges.

The weir at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, as seen through a tracery of leaf-shadows.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A dane-gerous rival I fear."

